



# IVY LEAVES



**IVY  
LEAVES**

## *Poetry and Prose*

"Spring's Renaissance"	2	Linda S. Davis
"Coronation"	2	Mary Westbury
"The Wonder of a Schoolroom"	2	Len Raffini
"Heat of Noon"	2	Linda F. Bell
"There Came Love"	3	Warren White
"College Then"	3	Charles Horner
"April Rendezvous"	3	Marion Crocker
"A Little Story"	3	Walter Durst
"The Suicide"	4	Janice Woodson
"The Answer"	5	Joy Rish
"Friendship"	5	Len Raffini
"When days are dark and all seems lost"	5	Franklin Boggs
"The Holy Albatross"	5	Dianne Buchanan
"lines written on the brink of peace"	6	Tommy Camak
"Peace"	7	Ellen McAlister
"Sons"	7	Marion Crocker
"the hedgehog story"	8	Paul J. Nodine
"Society's Prison"	9	Mike Bouchillon
"A dog slinked up to me, was yesterday"	9	Linda F. Bell
"That Fateful Night"	9	Roy Frierson
"An Elegy"	10	Warren White
"A Home"	10	Linda Edwards
"Afternoon Children"	10	Paul J. Nodine
"Being a Summer Youth Director Is...."	11	Doug Davison
"The Tree"	12	Sharon McAlister
"Hamlet's Soliloquy Paraphrased"	13	Annie F. Craft
"A grassy meadow that friendly trees surround"	13	Cathy Styles
"Rush"	13	Ted Coleman
"Awakening At Night"	14	Rachel Cox
"Thanatopic Questions"	14	Randy Mills
"Time Lined"	15	Randy Mills
"Unknown"	15	A. B. Kondori
"The Meeting"	15	Gary Parker
"Reminisce"	16	Linda Buchmiller
"Come"	16	Brenda DuBose
"A Thought"	16	J. Robert Brown
"Walking down an empty road"	16	Dona Barker

## *Introduction*

Life that is shared becomes enriched and enriching. Within these pages is the essence of life: thoughts, emotions, inspirations, ideas. Ivy Leaves, 1973, is presented in the hope that lives will be enriched.

We proudly dedicate this publication to Mrs. Margaret E. Wooten, whose help and encouragement made our task surmountable.





## Heat of Noon

But it was only a small kiss,  
 Not more than a peck on the cheek.  
 We'd been standing in that sunny meadow all day,  
 Waiting and watching for the one great joy of his life  
 to take place.  
 I was beside him, his friend.  
 Finally, in the heat of noon, the anxiety was over.  
 The colt was born, the beauty of that new arrival!  
 And in the splendor of that moment,  
 Johnny, in his ecstasy, ran and kissed my cheek.  
 But that kiss to me, was the most joyous event.  
 And wistfully I think of it.

Linda Flounders Bell

## Coronation

This was my world, I reigned supreme  
 Over flowers and birds and trees.  
 Mine was the choice to trample or pluck  
 The flowers away from the bees.

I laughed at rain and ran with wind  
 And playfully jousting with sun.  
 I held happiness in my hand  
 And away from worry I'd run.

I was happy as queen of my realm  
 Every day dawned bright and new.  
 Then along you came and so I give  
 my crown of life to you.

Mary Westbury

## The Wonder of a School Room

I sit and stare at yonder wall and it doesn't  
 matter to me at all  
 Which way each brick was carefully laid  
 or how much the school board finally paid  
 To make this place of sticks and stones,  
 and choirs and desks and telephones.

Len Raffini

## Spring's Renaissance

capturing, clasping, wondering, grasping  
 sequents  
 of springtime's lust fills the air  
 nurturing, readying, struggling, hoping  
 to provoke the reawakening  
 of  
 the drab, harsh, discolored, deathlike  
 browns and greys of  
 winter's pavilion of growth  
 -----suddenly-----  
 a bursting, spiralling, clinging, reproducing, settling  
 kind of greenness and aliveness  
 pregnates the air, the water, the least  
 tips of the maturing branches -  
 the covered bulbs rooting selfishly, longingly, needingly  
 into the crisp, brazen earth -  
 the chorusing birds roaring maddenly as spring  
 bursts their very hearts --  
 reclaims their souls; your soul,  
 my soul -  
 the world's soul  
 as the explosion of ripening,  
 budding, flowering, singing, mating  
 specimens of  
 Spring's Renaissance  
 roars--

Linda S. Davis

There came love,  
There came life,  
There came love,  
There came death,  
And yet, still there came love.  
Warren White

## College Then

Ivy-covered hallowed halls,  
Sheltered girls checking in early,  
Nine o'clock study hall,  
Serenading under dorm windows,  
Amateur football,  
Effervescent school spirit  
Fostered by frats and clubs  
Whose parties also spiced love affairs;  
Dating in groups in parlors,  
Weekends on campus and in church,  
Faces exuding enthusiasm \_\_\_\_\_  
Come again!

Charles Horner

## April Rendezvous

Yesterday we climbed the river bluff together,  
hand-in-hand,  
To find the first arbutus blooms and jasmine bright  
and violets -  
He in gingham rompers and I in pinafore.  
We laughed and did not know that anything  
Was less than beautiful in all the world.  
And April sun was warm.

Today I climbed the bluff above the river road  
To see a long brown line of soldiers pass,  
The new arbutus blossoms neglected at my feet,  
He raised his eyes and smiled at me -  
This lad in army brown -  
And April rain was soft.

Tomorrow I shall wait above the river road  
To welcome home a man grown tall and strong.  
He will laugh and call to me  
And climb the bluff to find arbutus blooms and  
jasmine sweet and violets.  
And April skies will smile.

Marion Crocker

## A Little Story

Along the grass with bright  
Yellow flowers stood  
A young girl with wind  
Catching her long, brown hair.

She was laughing and  
Running through the grass,  
While it brushed against  
Her legs.

Suddenly, she came upon a  
Boy, crippled since birth,  
And he was crawling along the  
Grass, trying to catch a butterfly.

She felt compassion on the  
Boy, while he smiled up at  
Her face, so she caught the  
Butterfly for the little boy.

He thanked her and thanked  
Her and thanked her again,  
And she laughed and ran  
Through the grass and flowers.  
Walter Durst





## The Suicide

It was that time of year when all of our family gathered together for a reunion. All of the children gathered around the two elderly parents to show and tell them how they had prospered in life. There were nine children in all. However, the second oldest child, Joan, had died of angina in 1954. The children were all grown now with families of their own. The oldest child was sixty-five and the youngest was twenty-six. Their names were Dot, Joan, Mary, Liz, Elaine, Roy, Robert, and John.

They all arrived Friday night and planned to spend the entire week-end with their parents. James was the first to arrive. He was married to a short, dumpy woman with brown hair and blue eyes. They lived on a farm, and she was a very hard worker. They had two girls.

Mary came next. She had been divorced twelve years. However, she was very happy with her job and was content to live alone.

Robert and Roy entered next. It would seem that these two brothers were always together. Both of them lived about three miles from their parents, and they were neighbors to each other. They both had three children - two girls and one boy.

Liz came next. She had had many illnesses during her life. The years had not been good to her. She was only thirty-five, and yet she looked sixty. Her hair had already turned a dreary grey. She was married to a photographer who was forced to travel a great deal. Perhaps her sickness had a lot to do with loneliness.

Elaine was the youngest of the girls. She had done well in life. She and her husband owned a beautiful home, and they had two girls. She was twenty-six, but she could have passed for eighteen. She was happy with her place in life.

John was the youngest of the boys. It seemed that he was always trying his hand at new things to make a living. Through the years he had held such positions as a dye operator, an exercise coordinator, an instructor of correct boating, and an antique dealer. His present job was selling and installing swimming pools.

Dot was the last to arrive, and perhaps fittingly so. This reunion meant more to her than ever before. She lived in New York and was returning home, not only to attend the reunion, but also to marry her fiancée. She was looking forward to settling down and becoming a wife and a mother. Her career as a model had not seemed to pay well until this year. This year she had received a large amount of money for this award.

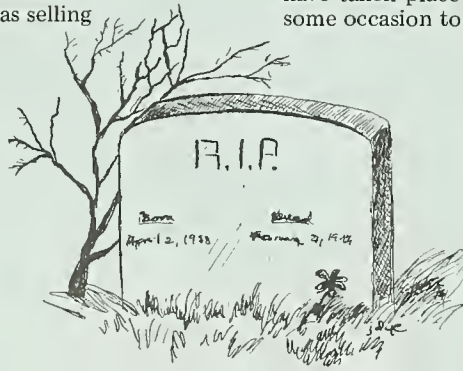
When she arrived, the family greeted her affectionately. However, she could tell something was missing. The handshakes and the kisses were only surface affections. Underneath she knew her family perhaps felt happy for her a little - but only a little. She knew they mostly felt jealousy. They had warned her about modeling - the hectic schedules, the traveling, and the rough life she would be forced to live. Perhaps now they were just sorry their predictions had not come true. Nevertheless, they could not see how parading down a ramp, wearing a fashion that some designer had created, could pay as much money as it did. They had all been forced to work very hard for their money, and they thought this easy work was just not fair.

Freddy, Dot's fiancée, knew that she had prospered in her career. He felt that she would not be satisfied with a hometown nobody like him. He did not deserve a high-fashion celebrity like Dot, so he decided to end the engagement.

Dot was heartbroken when she learned of Freddy's plans. She had worked hard for her success in life. Why could not her family see the struggles and torments she had been forced to go through? Her success had not come easily. She had had to work extremely hard. Now that she had prospered, her family and her friends had left her. They felt that she was too good for them.

That year the reunion was quite different than what the family had expected. The wedding that was supposed to have taken place was called off. However, the family had some occasion to attend - a funeral.

Janice Woodson







## The Answer

Every day  
We are confronted with  
Perplexing questions -  
What is the meaning of life?  
Is death merely an end - or a beginning?

How can we know the answers to these questions?  
How can we understand these mysteries of life?  
If only for a brief period of time,  
God,  
Who has all knowledge,  
Could come to earth  
And walk and talk with man  
And answer man's perplexing questions,  
Then we could understand  
The mysteries of life.

But, wait!  
We can know the answers to our perplexing questions.  
We can understand the mysteries of life.  
For, on that first Christmas morning,  
Jesus, The Answer, was born.

Joy Rish

## Friendship

"Friendship is a golden gift,"  
that makes a whole day brighter.  
Friendship is a gentle lift,  
that makes a burden lighter.  
Friendship is a sunlit brook,  
a clean wind . . . freshly blowing.  
Friendship is a steadfast look,  
a plant forever growing.

Len Raffini

When days are dark and all seems lost  
And loneliness rings its solemn sound.  
Take heart in this . . . rejoice, my friend  
God is all around.

When burdens prove too much to bear  
And the devil upon your soul does hound.  
Fear not and believe in this, my friend  
God is all around.

When man, it seems, cannot survive  
And war and hatred are around,  
Weep not and trust in this, my friend  
God is all around.

The secret to this happiness  
Is in never looking down.  
Raise your head and praise His Grace -  
God won't turn you down.

Franklin Boggs

## The Holy Albatross

My ship was sailing smooth and fast  
My sails were blowing full and wide  
But when gusts of wind began to pull  
They led my ship the southward way.

My course became confused and dark  
And stormy waters hindered me.  
I was alone and could not hold  
My faith in man or sea alone.

The waters led my ship ashore.  
The people there were strange to me;  
I did not fit their ways or times  
So cast aside, they laughed at me.

All alone, I returned to ship  
And began to plan my course anew,  
When soon appeared before my eyes  
A strong and beautiful albatross.

She said to me, "Now, don't be scared.  
Follow me and I'll guide you "  
Many a day she rode with me  
And many a lesson she taught to me.

I'm soon approaching home again  
My dearest friend will soon be gone  
But the little time I had with her  
Has shaped and shined my life anew

I promised her I'd visit her,  
And surely that, I'll do.  
But all the time, my heart's with her  
'Cause she became my very soul.  
Dianne Buchanan

lines written on the brink of peace  
in Viet Nam, in a mill in South Carolina.  
November, 1972

they vote not. nor do they think except about their garden or their  
other hobby or about her Mother's sickness or the second shift  
girl who looks okay.  
Et Cetera.

they talk not of Nam. only some (the men) talk World War II  
when war is conversation, and then not war, but just a  
"funny thing that happened to me".  
I thought them weird but now I understand. I am incongruous;  
an animal expressionless, the thoughts I think are better left  
unsaid. Superfluity murders mundane routine. The universe,  
superfluous, is left to verse; and verse  
they do not read.

they talk no profundity. Deep thoughts are sad: war, death,  
life, and God -  
things to accept, not ponder.

What matters an unknown country's genocide  
when lounging mill-men "talk dog".

It matters not to me that I've never eaten squirrel  
or bear or frog or 'coon or 'possum stew.

It matters not to me that I've never killed a deer  
or worked a still. It matters not that the garden's  
growing; that the Mother's doing fine; that the young  
girl's married at sixteen.

I am incongruent here; so I do not talk.

Some happily feel sorrow for dead children seen and  
never seen. Some can only be touched by  
things in proximity and seek the superficial,  
deny the profound.

And so when peace comes, how can they be elated?  
It does not change their lives; they breathe no  
easier. Caught in the vortex of a ho-hum typhoon,  
these people die a death less painful to them  
than to me; conversely, I shall die,  
no use to them.

Tommy Camak  
November 1972



## Peace

What is peace?

From where does it come?  
How can one obtain peace?  
Are questions I hear from some.  
Is it all in the mind?  
Just a figure of speech?  
Or is it just something  
That some people preach?

With war everywhere  
And so much suffering and pain,  
It is peace of mind, soul, and spirit  
That we are trying to obtain.  
This is what the young seek  
In drugs and in dress  
And what the older generation  
Is trying to find  
In jobs and success.

We'll all know real peace  
When we learn how to live,  
When we learn to love others,  
And we learn to forgive;  
When we let God have  
First place in our life  
And help other people  
By forgetting our own strife;  
Our wars will end,  
And brotherhood will increase;  
And we'll live together  
In happiness and peace.  
--Ellen McAlister

## Sons

You weep for sons; sons who were and are no more.  
I weep for sons; sons who were not and will never be.

Who can say which sons are dearer?  
Who can say which sorrows most? -  
You, weeping for sons who were and are no more,  
Or I, weeping for sons who are not and will never be?  
Marion Crocker



## The Hedgehog Story

The one thing you must remember about Jeffrey Barnham is that he was short, thin, wore glasses, and had acne scars. Anything else, you can forget.

He also taught fifth grade at Ruthledge B. Hayes Elementary School and lived four and one-half blocks away. On the Wednesday morning in question, he felt very good, because it was his twenty-eighth birthday. Actually, he was only twenty-seven, but counting the day he was born, he would always insist, it was his twenty-eighth birthday.

Mary Ellen Parker wore a pink dress for the occasion and handed him a package wrapped in white tissue paper as soon as they pledged allegiance to the flag. The whole class had pitched in to buy it, she told him, and his eyes did not go misty.

It was a green tie and socks to match, and all monogrammed. Yes sirree; there it was in big white Old English Letters, JOB. The nerve of fifth-graders and parents.

During geography, which was the last subject of the day, Jeffrey noticed a pink, fat arm towering from the back of the room. "Mr. Barnham, may I feed the turtle?"

"Henrietta, we don't have a turtle." It was the same little girl who once asked him how many bacterium were in a bacteria. It was also the same little girl who once asked him if his father owned a big circus and if he was going to take the class there as a surprise on the last day of school. "No," he said, trying to remember where it was one went to look up his family tree.

Since it was his twenty-eighth birthday and a long one at that, Jeffrey Barnham stopped for a bag of peanuts on the way home from school. He also decided to walk through the park. Strolling along, casually, he happened to notice a sizable hole midst the green grass growing.

Now Jeffrey Barnham knew that there were very few hedgehogs in South Dakota; but then again he was in Connecticut. And the hole looked hedgehog-size, and who was he to argue with dimensions, which he never understood anyway. So, naturally his first reaction was to drop some peanuts into the hole, this being his twenty-eighth birthday and all. He walked on home, casually, wonder-

ing what hedgehogs did about roaches.

On Thursday afternoon, Jeffrey Barnham walked home through the park again, not because he was older, but because he was curious to see if the hedgehog had eaten his peanuts. Much to his surprise (he knew so little about hedgehogs), he found his peanuts in a neat, little pile on the ground beside the hole. Jeffrey Barnham was perplexed.

On Friday afternoon he bought another bag of peanuts and walked home through the park, casually. He did not look at the hole as he passed, but, glancing sideways to make sure nothing was looking, dropped several peanuts into the black spot next to his foot. Then, he ran behind a tree.

At seven o'clock he decided to go home. He had to go to the laundromat. He saved the peanuts he had left over.

On Saturday morning, Jeffrey Barnham went to the park. After he had gone not too far, he saw a hole of sizable dimensions with a neat little pile of peanuts next to it. Since he was not a man to take anything lying down, he spent the afternoon in the library, but could find nothing on hedgehogs and peanuts. He walked home through the park, deftly; and, when he got to the hole, pushed the little pile of peanuts back into it with his foot, trying all the while not to look.

This went on for several days, with little or no help from Henrietta.

On the day when Jeffrey Barnham was twenty-seven and nine days old, he walked home from school through the park. When he came to the hole of sizable dimensions, there was not a neat, little pile of peanuts next to it. Instead there was a twig, with a little square piece of white cloth hanging onto it, sticking up out of the ground.

There is one thing you can say for hedgehogs; they know when they are licked.

Jeffrey Barnham has since become a fireman and moved to South Dakota.

Paul Jeffrey Nodine



## Society's Prison

The "nigger" and "honkey" together in stride.  
The need for acceptance and having their pride.  
The "nigger" is black. The "honkey" is white.  
Each has their viewpoints, and each man is right.  
Deviance in culture, deviance in race.  
This matter continues and hinders our pace.  
The pace is a fast one, of moving ahead.  
With vigor it travels until we are dead.  
A new generation, yet old kind of life.  
Troubles will be there, troubles and strife.  
I've heard there's an answer in a book very old.  
The story of Jesus and all it beholds.  
It says we are equal in every degree.  
Wonder if the "nigger" and "honkey" will ever be free?  
Mike Bouchillon

A dog slinked up to me, was yesterday.  
And stood uncertain, watching, mournful eyed.  
He had the look of one who knelt to pray,  
And as I stooped to pat his head, he sighed.

"Good day," I told the dog, he said, "Good day."  
What ails my friend this sunny yellow morn?  
But all he did was whine and look away.  
Well, come on home with me where it is warm.

So we set off, and he and I a pair.  
He'd look at me and take a frisky step.  
The day was fine with Autumn, crispy air.  
And up my stair we both so nimbly leaped.

We're home my friend, so let us now employ  
The happiness of friendship to enjoy.  
Linda Flounders Bell

## That Fateful Night

Have you ever had a girlfriend,  
One you thought you could believe in,  
One you thought would always love you,  
One you thought you'd always love too?

Let me tell you all a story.  
About the times we had in glory,  
We did lots of things together,  
Yes we really roughed the weather.

For a while things worked out right,  
But then came that fateful night,  
When the moon just didn't shine,  
When I knew she wasn't mine.  
Roy Frierson



## An Elegy

Author's note: The author awoke one night from a nightmare in which he dreamed that his favorite professor had suffered a fatal accident. In his grief he produced, in classic style, the following elegy. As he neared the end of his work, the reassurance that he had only experienced a bad dream accounts for the unique comic ending.

You do well heavy clouds hanging low,  
To fly in this laden air without glow,  
For night is so black that only the blind,  
Can safely journey and hidden paths find;  
While those of us who have enjoyed the light,  
Must stumble and grope and ponder our plight.

News has just entered these dumb-founded ears,  
And opened the dam and brought forth the tears,  
For noble Mister West that learned one,  
Has met with ill-fate and now he is gone.  
Look down dear God and consider our pain,  
Proceed to the front and lead our sad train.

Yesterday he stood before us so straight,  
And with golden keys he opened the gate,  
To wondrous beauty hidden from our view,  
He shared pure gold from a heart strong and true,  
Painting such beauty he shared in a day,  
Things that for most were a life-time away.

He climbed the Alpine with mark for the top,  
Nothing short of death his journey could stop,  
And yet ill-fate stooped our friend to embrace,  
Only yards before that mark was in place.  
Our limited minds as hard as we try,  
Can't grasp the reason or understand why.

Gather together and walk forth fair ones,  
Deliver your song with tears and sad tones;  
Lay on spring-time's fruit preserved under glass,  
For great was your honor O final class,  
To know this great spirit no longer held,  
In check by body which only was felled;  
This good free spirit the heights now can soar,  
And we his heirs share his gems evermore.

So I call you forth to see this today,  
Lest sorrow carry you too far away,  
For this I recall and this I attest,  
You will soon remember the man's last test.  
Warren White

## A Home

A home should be filled with happiness,  
A joy should reign supreme,  
And also love and tenderness  
Should always be its theme.

With God as the leading light  
When difficulties come,  
He will keep the family in the right  
As joined together in one.

It need not be a castle  
With luxuries galore,  
But just a simple cottage  
Where love will live forevermore.  
Linda Edwards

## Afternoon Children

We are  
Afternoon Children  
born on the last Sunday  
in the last week of an autumn  
suspended amid long fallen and dead leaves,  
playing and shouting with cold faces  
and shivering hands  
throwing a ball across the street as a game  
while the trees are stark with waiting.  
Paul Jeffrey Nodine



## A Summer Youth Director Is ...

Seeing a list of a hundred names and finding 50 active.  
Painting a ping pong table.  
Trying to lead a devotional for 20 yelling, playing kids.  
Telling corny jokes and getting laughs--either with or at,  
never sure which.  
Suggesting a game that is a loser.  
Seeing some boy or girl overjoyed because they have beaten  
the youth director at ping pong.  
Walking outside to cool off.  
Trying to plan a program without ever knowing how many to expect.  
Planning for too many.  
Planning for too few.  
Preaching your first sermon during the pastor's vacation.  
Realizing during the offertory hymn that you forgot to arrange  
for anyone to take up the offering.  
Planning to divide your prayer groups into boys and girls and  
having only one girl attend.  
Visiting a deserted house in the back of nowhere in the middle  
of the night because it's spooky.  
Being thankful for rain that cancels a hayride you were dubious  
about having to begin with.  
Realizing that the world is filled with potential friends.  
Seeing someone at Ridgecrest whom you haven't seen for 2 years.  
Trying to get chaperones who aren't parents to any of the kids.  
Having food & drink mysteriously disappear from the church kitchen  
during the ping pong tournament.  
Leading a "discussion" when you're the only one who will talk.  
Trying to keep order among 10 VBS boys who have 6 bottles of glue  
and 2,000 ice cream sticks.  
Calling Ridgecrest every 2 days to change the number of reservations.  
Watching God provide answers to your problems.  
Feeling guilty for being paid for something you enjoy.  
Not being able to understand how you escaped a week at Ridgecrest  
without getting lathered except when you shaved.  
Having your youth surprised when they enjoy a movie which you told  
them was going to be great.

Bugging the secretary and pastor with questions.  
Having an all-day picnic in 5 hours.  
Having your softball team say you were brought in just to play  
ball and making an out every time at bat.  
Getting the evil-eye for ending the skating party at 9:30 when  
the skating rink stays open until 10.  
Sharing your refreshments during VBS with a cute baby.  
Feeling inadequate but trusting God.  
Being yourself and hoping it's living up to what you're trying  
to preach.  
Having three months fly by at Mach 3+.  
Buying two watermelons for a social, storing them in an ice house,  
and not having any refreshments at the social because the ice  
house was closed when you went back.  
Being thankful for all the things that being a summer youth  
director is and feeling privileged for having experienced  
it all.

Doug Davison





## The Tree

The breeze feels so fine, gently swaying  
my boughs  
Two lovers enjoy my shade, and in the  
distance I see some cows.  
Their deep strong lowing makes me feel  
at ease  
And I can barely hear the humming of  
the bees.

You may pity my existence, thinking  
my life to be dull.  
But I'm not unhappy; you see, my life is  
quite full.  
From the top of this hill I can see many  
things,  
The constancy of life and the happiness  
it brings.

As I stand here and think of the last  
hundred years  
I recall a young girl and the sound  
of her tears.  
I try to forget it as much as I can  
Because it makes me feel something  
I can't understand.

It may seem so, but I'm not alone.  
Many beautiful creatures make me  
their home.  
The squirrels in my body and the birds  
in their nest.  
And some just come here to stop and rest.

The moon is bright and it's beginning  
to rain.  
The lovers are leaving, but they'll be  
back again.  
My home is the top of this beautiful  
hill.  
I've no urge to wander; I know it's  
God's will.

Sharon McAlister

plot

A grassy meadow that friendly trees surround  
Is quite enough for me when I am gone.  
Please lie me down in some small place of silence  
Then leave me in the care of solitude.  
For I shall be content to have the sound  
Of wild woods creatures for my funeral song.

messenger

All browns and golds the days drift by  
Like summer dreams they quickly fly.  
Old Lantern Jack has come to say  
That Autumn's nip is here to stay.

To Him they reached  
With hopes that leaped  
For one small child,  
They asked of God.

In peace to teach  
His ways to keep  
To that one child,  
They asked of God.

How much they gave  
Cannot be shown.  
To this one child  
They asked of God.

In love conceived  
And in joy born.  
I am the child  
They asked of God.  
Cathy Styles

## Rush!

Amid soft meadows smooth and green  
I sit and ponder  
Nothing in particular. . .perhaps  
The sounds I have heard, the sights  
I have seen.

A verdant landscape lends itself  
Oh, so peacefully to my mood.  
I feel the splendor of the rill  
and the wood.  
And in the silent breeze I detect  
the lilac's liquor.  
A woodland stream, lethargic, then quicker  
in its pace, a race to the sea.

Then, walking in a nearby moor  
I cannot help but hear the roar  
of a train . . .  
. . . ten 'til five.  
Ted Coleman

## Hamlet's Soliloquy Paraphrased

To go to college or not to go to college . . . that  
is the question. Whether tis better to endure the  
stares and questions of the teachers or to stay  
home in bed. To lie, to sleep, perchance to dream  
and shuffle off the mortal coils that bind us, of  
late starts, no parking places, dropped books and  
rain drops falling on our heads. Alas, conscience  
makes cowards of us all, Mother's aspirations,  
Father's expectation, makes us bear these ills we  
have and not seek the unknown as we travel the  
pathway of education toward the mountain of  
wisdom.

Annie F. Craft



## Awakening At Night

In the suddenness of the moment, I awoke to find the moon's light shining in my room. The spectral light shining through the shuttered window was arrayed solemnly in columns on my bed. The diamond-like brilliance of the moon's light pierced the darker-than-coal darkness of my room. As I peered out my window, gray clouds slipped in front of the moon as thoughts and doubts do before a person's mind. Somehow the moon seemed sinister and foreboding; a sense of fright swirled through the marrow of my bones. Wanting to escape the moon's light, I quickly pulled the covers of my bedspread to my chin and tried to regain lost sleep. Still the moon kept staring like a watchful thief who awaits the moment to strike. It seemed as though time would never end; seconds became minutes and minutes became hours. Still the peering silver eye kept staring. Slowly my eyelids became heavier . . . heavier . . . heavier: until at last, I felt myself slipping away into a secure darkness from the malevolent stare of the moon. I slowly succumbed to the victor-Sleep. The spectral stare shone no more.

Rachel Cox

## Thanatopic Questions

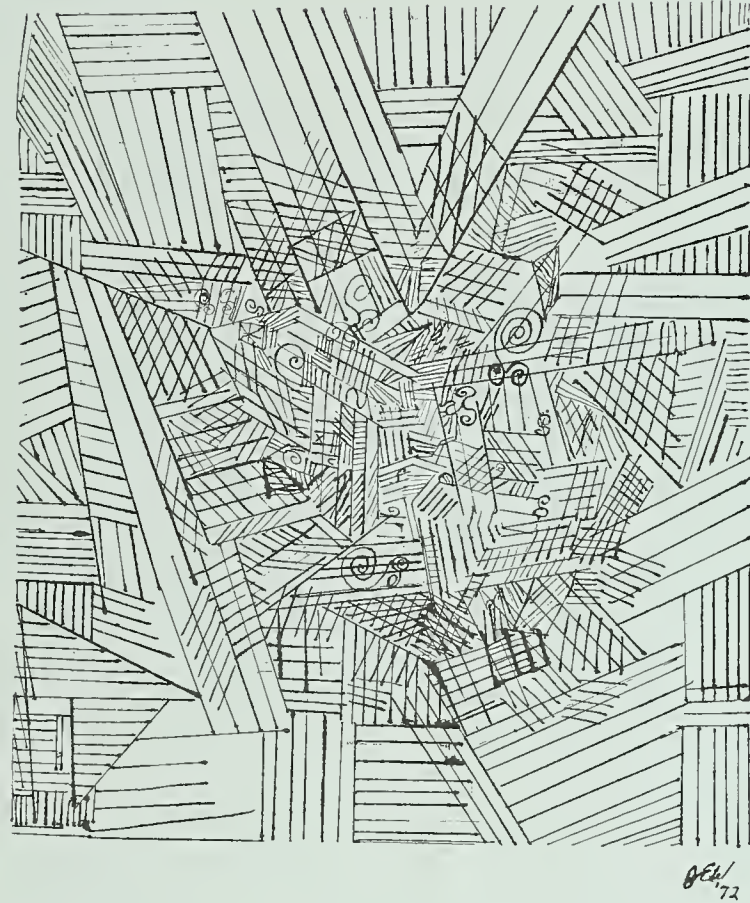
Is there a God?

I question why — . . .

Is there a devil,  
Which thrives to kill?  
Is there a cure,  
Besides the pill?  
Is there a country,  
Where men are one?  
Is there a playground,  
Where races have fun?  
Is there a world,  
Where people are free,  
Is there an Island,  
To seek liberty.

If there's a heaven,  
I will die.

Randy Mills



## Time Lined

Watching my past through the eyes of my youth.

Watching little boys,  
Like I use to be.  
Playing in the brook,  
Catching a fish,  
Eyes brightening wide,  
Excitement flowing out.  
Throwing it back in,  
Preserving life.

I look at the sky, my mind wonders on.

Thinking aloud  
Watching few birds.  
Remembering the days,  
When so very young,  
Playing in the streets,  
Climbing many trees.  
Watching my past,  
Lived again.

Then I look at the drifting clouds,  
Descending from the horizon.

I realize its time for the present,  
Only thoughts for the past.  
Randy Mills

## Unknown

The birds fly through  
the red-streaked sky  
They reap no happiness  
and share no sorrow  
They fly in oblivion  
Their destiny unknown  
A. B. Kondori



## The Meeting

It seemed my life to me to be  
A hill ever downward.  
Groping, striving, grasping, hoping  
Blind no light for me to see.

But then I got a chance to pause  
To glance, to probe, to think  
Why then, what now, what caused Me.

I met a man clothed in love, wrapped in tranquility  
I felt his heart and mine. He  
I saw his face; and bathed  
In light too pure, too brilliant for earthly man  
I cried! Help me, Love me, save . . .

He did, He does, I was.  
Gary Parker

## Reminisce

We were but a wavering moment,  
Echoing throughout hours and hours of unique splendor.  
Now, I feel  
the day is done.

As I pass over the reflections of a perfect love,  
I shall ne'r forget your words of truth . . .  
and how they melted into nothingness.  
Linda Buchmiller

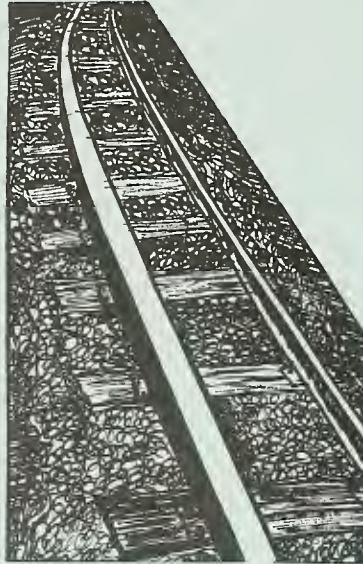
## Come

Looking backward  
I cannot see  
the error of my way.

Looking forward  
I cannot see  
the prospect of my day.

Only now is now.  
the moment to rejoice.

Come.  
Come, share my joy with me.  
Brenda DuBose



## A Thought

To look into the past and remember  
the thoughts, the ideas, and the understanding  
that was created between two people is a treasure  
that will never be forgotten.

Though the night has a 1000 eyes and day,  
but one,

But the light of the bright world dies with  
the setting sun.

Though the mind has a 1000 eyes and the heart  
but one,

But the love for the bright world dies  
when love is done.

J. Robert Brown

Walking down an empty road,  
I feel the tensions ease.  
I am alone

Isolated from life's illusions  
Smothered with nature  
I am free.

My burdens dissolved within me  
I have come to know God  
I am at peace.

Dona Barker



Editor: Doug Davison

Student Editorial Committee: Glenda Alexander  
Linda Buchmiller  
Linda Davis  
Walter Durst  
Linda Edwards  
Phil Franks  
Sarah Martin  
Joy Rish  
Rebecca Sewell  
Debbie Sheriff  
Jacque White

Faculty Editorial Committee: Charles Horner  
Judy Neuwirth  
Margaret Wooten

Faculty Advisors: Faye Cowan  
Sarah Greer  
Charles Horner  
Dennis James  
Judy Neuwirth  
Jane Tombes  
W. F. West  
Margaret Wooten

Cover: Janice Woodson

Colophon: Shirley Hamby

## *Illustrations*

1. . . . . Judy Dye
2. . . . . Mary H. Shooter
3. . . . . Judy Dye
4. . . . . Judy Dye
5. . . . . Doug Davison
12. . . . . Janice Woodson
14. . . . . Janice Woodson
16. . . . . Doug Davison

## *Photographs*

6. . . . . Duff Hughes
7. . . . . Scott Witherow
9. . . . . Scott Witherow
11. . . . . Cathy Styles
15. . . . . Scott Witherow



